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bare and uncultivated district, which swells into brown, wild moorland eminences, few of which ascend to the dignity of hills. After riding leisurely for more than three hours, the bay of Dunmanus broke upon our sight—a noble sheet of water, fully thirteen miles in length from its inland extremity to the harbour's mouth; the hills that border its shore are bolder, higher, and far more abrupt than any of those through which we had travelled. The parish church of Durrus, and the neat and compact glebe-house of Mr. Alcock, the Protestant rector, occupy a rising ground overhanging the upper end of the bay, where the water narrows to a point. The thatched, whitewashed cottage of Mr. Quin, the parish priest, embosomed in its snug and thriving orchard, stands further inland among verdant meadows. At the distance of some miles along the bay, are visible the ancient castles of Dunbeacon and Dunmanus, almost verging on the water's edge; they were formerly inhabited by hardy buccanniers, who retired to enjoy the profits of their dangerous and stormy occupation on these desolate shores. As one gazes on their roofless walls, the mind irresistibly reverts to the wild wassail, the rude licence, of which these abodes have been formerly the scene; and one painfully contrasts the riotous festivity of other days with the death-like stillness that now prevails in the long-deserted edifices. On the north-west side of the bay stands Four-Mile-Water, the demesne of the Rev. Mr. Evanson, an unbeneficed Protestant clergyman, whose character, as I learned from my companion, is exceedingly amiable and popular. Mr. Evanson inhabits a modern house, erected some forty or fifty years since, near the site of the ancient tenement that forms the subject of our first engraving. Both are immersed in groves of lofty trees, and a wild, shady walk leads from the dwelling-house to the seashore, which is less than a quarter of a mile distant.

"Antiquarian as I am," said Mr. R—, "I know little of this ancient ruin, save what Smith tells us in his History of Cork—namely, that it was once a place of some strength, and was built by a branch of the M'Carthys. The M'Carthys lost that, along with other possessions, in the great civil war; and their descendants struggled on, for no inconsiderable part of a century, in the doubtful class entitled 'decayed gentry.' I well recollect the last of them who lingered in this neighbourhood. He was an old, patriarchal-looking man, with snow-white hair. He inhabited a cottage near Dunbeacon. He was as finely formed and athletic a fellow as I ever saw. The peasants around regarded him with no small feelings of respect and affection, to which his excellent qualities appeared to entitle him well. He died at the age of ninety, in the year—let me see—1795, I think; and he possessed to the very last the buoyancy of spirits and the warmth of affection that more properly belong to youth. Poor fellow! he sometimes indulged in a sigh at the fallen fortunes of his house, but it was not a sigh of bitterness. When he died, there was less of the customary tumult of wakes, and more of deep and genuine feeling exhibited among the people than, at that time, was usual on such occasions. His virtues and benevolence had made an impression on all."

"Pray," said I, "was not he the interesting old man on whose death you once made verses?"

"He was," replied Mr. R—, looking downwards with the becoming diffidence of authorship.

"Will you do me the favour to repeat them?" said I. He instantly commenced the recitation in a tone of unaffected feeling.

"I saw an old man laid within his shroud—  
A placid smile sat on his lifeless face,  
Which told the faith that cheered his dying hour,  
And lingered still, like some lone golden beam  
Cast on the silent heaven at eventide.

"His few thin hairs were snow-white, and his brow  
Still showed the wrinkles of life's carking cares—  
Cares that were ended and forgotten now!  
While children, and their children, flocked around  
Their parent's bier, and sobs unbidden told  
How well beloved the soul that hence had fled!  
The open heart, the bounteous hand, were all  
Remembered at that sad and solemn hour.

"Yet why lament? why weep? His hour has come—  
The Christian has been gathered to his God.  
We weep not when the summer flowers fade—  
We weep not when the leaves of autumn fall,  
And strew with russet brown the forest glade—  
We weep not when the full-eared corn bends  
Its golden load beneath the reaper's sickle:  
For the sweet flowers will blow again in spring—  
In Spring the trees will ope their soft green buds—  
In Spring the corn will push its tender shoots.

"Old man! hast thou no Spring? O yes, thou hast!  
Thy Spring is heaven—bright, glorious, and unfading!  
Hence thou hast gone, from hearts that loved thee  
well—

Hence thou hast gone, from those whose infant hours  
Thou watchdest with a parent's tender care.

"We weep—for sorrowing nature claims a tear;  
But 'mid our tears a glow of hope ariseth,  
And we pour forth our souls in humble pray'r,  
That heaven's good and bounteous King may deign  
For Jesus' sake to bind anew those ties  
In happier worlds, that death has broken here.  
Old man, farewell! Earth closes o'er thy form—  
To God we tremblingly commend thy spirit.

"O, may we meet thee when eternity  
Unveils its awful wonders to our view!"

Involuntary tears rose in the eyes of Father John, as the lines he repeated recalled to his memory the ancient friend of his early days. I was stupid enough to try to change the subject.

"No," said Father John, "we will speak of poor M'Carthy. I earnestly hope," he added, looking upward, "to meet him where we never will be separated. It is good for us, my young friend, to speak upon these subjects; by keeping before us the evanescence of life, they teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

#### LAYING A GHOST.

The following ghost-story, by the talented author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," although published some time since in a more extended form, in a Magazine which we then conducted, will be new to many of our readers. We now insert it as a kind of commentary on "The Haunted Chamber," which appeared in the 164th number of our Journal.

In the town of Ballydioch, lived, about eighty years ago, one of those old, drinking, swearing squires, who was said to have been enrolled a member of that blessed confraternity, called the Hell-fire Club.\* The gentleman, to be sure, was not only a very jolly, but a very jolly-looking personage; being, as most topping squires usually are, of a high complexion, with a nose richly chased, and ornamented with rubies, carbuncles, and a considerable variety of those star-like gems, which shine in the glowing firmament of a good fellow's face. This jovial gentleman was said by many to have sold himself to the devil; although it was asserted by others that no such sale had taken place; and it was ironically added by the humorous vicar of the parish, that the bargain had been actually completed, but that the deeds could not be drawn up for want of a conveyancer; this, however, could not be true, as it was well known that there resided three lawyers within the limits of the parish. Others said, that Counsellor Pliant had drawn up the document, but refused to take any fee from the old boy, he having it in his power to throw so many briefs in his way, under the character of an attorney. Not a few were of opinion, that Satan absolutely declined having any thing to do with the squire in the way of purchase; but whether because he was a bad bargain at best, or whether the old gentleman thought that by waiting for a short time, he was sure to have the reversion of him in the course of nature, we cannot say. Certain it was, however, that a connexion of an intimate nature was sup-

\* To some of our modern readers it may, perhaps, appear incredible that such a club as this should have existed in the land of saints—such was actually the case, however; and that in the recollection of many still living.

posed to subsist between them, otherwise the terms in which the squire was spoken of by the people were any thing but significant, when they called him "the devil's own old chap"—"the devil's own boy"—and so on, ringing changes upon such phrases as implied a very kind understanding between them.

Now it so happened, that Squire Warnock had an old servant, who had grown grey and wicked in his service. There was no man in the parish, of any degree, who could drink down the squire—but Nogher; no man who had so many wicked jests, or who could give them such wicked turns as Warnock—but Nogher; or none who could out-swear or outstrip him in framing new-coined oaths—but Nogher. On the latter point they were both unrivalled; and, indeed, it might be asserted of them, that if the oaths were taken away from what they said, both would be men of exceedingly few words in conversation. There was once a challenge to swear sent to them by Squire Trillywagger and his huntsman, the execrations to take place in the blasphemy-room of the Hell-fire Club, of which Trillywagger was also a member. The challenge of course was accepted; but Warnock and Nogher both swore nearly twenty minutes after Trillywagger and the huntsman were exhausted, or only able to double back upon the same oaths.

Both, however, died: Nogher at the end of spring and a drunken fit; and the squire in the middle of autumn and an oath. Nogher was but a servant, and not of sufficient importance to appear after death, but Warnock's body was scarcely in the clay, when he was seen by the servants walking through the rooms in his usual dress, and by the neighbours riding about, night after night, on his favourite hunter *Skewball*, with the identical tin-boots, and flame-coloured suit upon him, in which he was in the habit of attending the Hell-fire Club. Indeed, it required no witch to tell them that he would appear after his death, for when the coffin was put into the hearse, the united strength of the undertaker's six black horses could scarcely move it an inch.

About ten days after his interment, half-a-dozen of the members of the Hell-fire Club were one winter's evening drinking in the inn of the town where the squire had lived; for this was the house in which they always assembled. They were, of course, stout, dare-devil fellows, who feared nothing—like some of our whiskered and moustached heroes, who walk about with all their courage on the outside, now that there is no particular use for it any where else, or who are so ready to exercise it upon landlords, and waiters, and mail-coach guards, simply to keep it in action, lest when a pressing occasion for it should occur, they might find it unserviceable. At all events, these brimstone gentlemen who could stand fire so well, were sitting, as I have said, engaged in a conversation, whose ingredients were indecency, noise, laughter, and oaths. Over near the door was the chair formerly occupied by the squire; for it had been put aside until a successor with proper qualifications should be elected to fill it. Some jest or other from one of the candidates had produced a roar of laughter, which was certainly loud and long enough, though not so loud but that the well-known laugh of the departed squire could be heard to join in it with his usual glee. They paused, and looked towards his chair, where, to their infinite terror, he sat shaking his sides at the smutty joke of the last speaker. We said they were men of courage, like the whiskered heroes of modern days; but for all that they exhibited symptoms of fear, as strong as could be displayed by the most common-place cravens. Their courage, in fact, had not time to shape itself into proper attitude against the danger; so, in the mean time, they became panic-struck, and crowded up one behind another in that corner of the room which was farthest from their old friend and associate, Bob Warnock. Never did any man, after a decided reverse in his circumstances, experience a greater abandonment of old friends, than did the squire upon this occasion. Every man turned his back to him, a strong proof that he must have been brought low indeed, since, full of flesh and blood, impiety and claret, he had jested among them—the jolliest of the jolly, and the wickedest where all were wicked. There he sat, no longer the life

of the club, although we must certainly grant that on that occasion he was the *soul* of the company.

Now among all who were present, none made more desperate efforts to get into the heart of the little knot that jostled each other in the corner, than the apothecary—who being distantly related to him, had supplied him with medicine in his illness, and expected him to be remembered by him in his will. He caught the village doctor by the wig, which came with him, leaving the head that wore it bald as the addle egg of an ostrich, to which in configuration and brains, it bore a strong resemblance. The doctor caught the exciseman, as the best shield against *illicit* spirits, but the exciseman not being disposed to engage with him, dived into the thick of the scrambling party, and threw Captain Culverin to the outside, who caught Surgeon Surfeit, who caught Bob Ruby, who caught the Apothecary, who, in his second clutch, caught the Doctor by the nose, which, in order to hold his gripe, he almost twisted off his face.

In this struggle for safety, the Apothecary bethought him of the window, through which he darted head foremost into the garden, which was *only* about eighteen feet beneath it; he was instantly followed by the Doctor, who was followed by the Exciseman, who was followed by all the rest, and so rapidly did they succeed each other in their descent, that a very handsome pyramid was soon erected, of which the Apothecary, Doctor, and Exciseman, formed the base.

The next morning the port and claret which they had been drinking, probably struck by a similar terror, had also disappeared; the story took wind, or rather the wind took the story to every quarter of the parish. For several nights afterwards, experiments were made by parties of fellows, who vowed that nothing should drive them from the room. A certain species of courage, however, is often very valorous in the absence of an enemy. Every succeeding set improved upon the rapidity with which their predecessors had escaped by the window; some contusions were received, and some collar-bones broken, and one man declared that on getting through the window, he had received a most ungenerous visitation from the squire's tin-boot, which he said was applied to him in a part which he could not defend—with a vigour, too, that spoke very feelingly for the bodily strength of the spirit, and compelled himself to suffer in the flesh.

The spirit, however, soon began to visit every room in the house, as well as that which was appropriated to the use of the Hell-fire Club. For three weeks the clanking of chains could be heard every night; and a strong smell of brimstone perfumed the house—an odour which the common people considered to be a very proper one, as coming from a departed member of the club. The parson was now called upon, but the spirit snapped its fingers in his face with defiance, and perfumed him to such a degree with foetid vapour, that he never returned to grapple with it again.

The Presbyterian minister was next called upon, but the spirit was near tweaking him by the nose; so overwhelming was the odour on this occasion, that he retreated with an alacrity very surprising in a man of his years, leaving the squire to the full enjoyment of his power. After him was the Methodist preacher brought to wrestle with it, but it received him with greater contempt, if possible, than that with which it had treated the other two.

At length, when all had failed, the Rev. Father Lavrock was sent for, to free the house of such an unwelcome inhabitant. For some time before he came, it had established itself in the cellar, where the wine and spirits would have been accessible to mere mortals, had they been disposed to try their flavour. As this display of his power was considered very important, the Protestant clergyman, the Presbyterian minister, and the Methodist preacher, all attended to see themselves outdone, together with the principal inhabitants of the town. Now Father Lavrock was a right pleasant fellow, fond of a joke, and, withal, an intelligent man; and having been educated in France, he was well aware of the tricks that are too often played by ghosts and hobgoblins, so he at once attended the call. He and Father Cruiskeen, his curate, having arrived, they were shown into the parlour, where the company were

assembled to witness the ceremony of laying old Warnock. Both their noses were stopped with plugs steeped in Eau de Cologne, to keep out the overwhelming smell of the brimstone, which was perfectly stifling to those who approached the spirit.

"Gentlemen," said he, to those who were in the parlour, "would you wish that I should ordher this ould Warnock to appear in the middle of you—or would you prefer that I should *lay* him in another room? Maybe you'd relish seeing him settled for ever wid your own eyes? But first a few words wid these three gentlemen in black here. Now, what's the rason," said he to the parson, "that you haven't the power to banish him? Eh? I ax you the quishition like a Christian clergyman, in the face of all prisint. And *you*, Sir," he added to the Presbyterian. "And my worthy circumambient friend, why are not *you* able to wrestle one fall wid it?" said he to the Methodist preacher. "Can't ye answer me?—eh? Ah," he added, shaking his head, "I could answer for aich of you; but this is no time to start a discoorse on conthroversy, or, holy Dominick, but I'd pepper yees wid larning and languages, that ye'd not undherstand every tenth word of. Mr. Dease," said he to the proprietor of the house, "will you be good enough to furnish me wid a thumb-bottle that has no crack or flaw in it, and a cork to fit it?"

This was immediately procured from the apothecary, who said he would give the best bottle in his shop for such a purpose.

Taking the candle in his hand, he then descended alone to the cellar. Immediately on his entrance the candle was blown out, and he found himself in utter darkness.

"Be you devil, or Warnock, or warlock—in the first place I can tell you, that you're a big reprobate, for reducing the room to darkness in the manner you've done. Be the bones of St. Dominick, it's aisy known your deeds are evil, for you don't love the light, you brimstone villain you!"

He then returned to the company, lit the candle, and once more descended without speaking a word; but on this occasion, he took care to observe the room as accurately as possible, before he entered it. With caution he advanced, held up the candle, and over in the corner of the cellar, beheld Warnock staggering like a man who had made too free with spirits, whilst the appearance of another spirit was visible, as he escaped out of a dark window that led by some passage from the room.

*"Commando te, bestium diabolicum, answerare me in nomine omnium saintorum et saintarum, cum axo te quapropter visitaris hanc domum—vel has aedes—vel hoc hypocaustum—Domine Warnock, spiritus reprobissime, et damnatissime, et damnabilissime, et damnandissime, qui per sanctum Dominicum, et damnatus et damnandus es—per omnia secula seculorum. Amen."*

Warnock, however, was silent, but the priest could perceive that he scratched his head like a poor devil who was evidently perplexed.

"Do you understand Latin, you reprobate from the ragions below?"

"Arrah, bud an' age! is it me, yer Reverence? Oh, sorra a taste itself—Will yer Reverence forgive me for swearin', an' yer blessed self to the fore?"

"Salvation to me!—eh?—if you're Warnock—you common disturber you, tell me who you are, or, by St. Dominick, I'll sink you into the earth at a word's spakin'."

"By dad, your Reverence is comin' hard upon us, so you are; but sure you wouldn't send us farther down nor the cellar, any way."

"Sarrah, no parleying, but tell me who you are, before I glue the tongue agin the roof of your mouth while you live; who, or what are you, you skaimer?"

"Well, well!" replied the spirit, "I tould Paddy it would ind this way at last. Death alive, Sir, don't you know your ould frind?"

"How could I know you," said the priest—"have you not the appearance of ould Warnock, tin boots and all?"

"Why thin, doesn't yer reverence know Larry Shevlin, brother to Nogher, ould Warnock's man, that died last spring in a severe fit of brandy?"

"Why, and are you Larry?"

"Throth, Sir, it wasn't of myself I did it, but at the instigation of Paddy Hanratty, that (hiccup) put me up to it—bekase, Sir, we had the clothes o' the ould thief, along wid the wig and tin boots, myself havin' always a strong cast of his face too, (hiccup); an' then Paddy, Sir, was fond o' the dhrink, Sir, (hiccup), an' made too free wid it entirely (hiccup)."

"And what's that in your hand, Larry? Don't stagger."

"Sorra a hapurth in life, Sir, but a bottle, Sir, (hiccup)."

"A bottle, Larry a chora!—An' betwixt ourselves, Larry avourneen, what might be in it? Spake aiser, Larry, and stand steady; what might be in it, a bouchal?"

"Eh, faix, your Reverence, is that where you are?—ha, ha, ha—see—jist this way, Sir, for it's more than half down (hiccup)—up wid your elbow, Sir—nearer the bottom—eh?—ha, ha, ha—did you ever taste a purtier dhrup, yer Reverence?"

"Blessed St. Dominick, such brandy!—never seen wather!"

"Oh, thin the sorra *spudh*, since it came from the still-eye; only that Paddy, Sir—(hiccup)—I may finish this sup, Sir—that Paddy, you see, was too fond of it, Sir—tundher an'—eh?—purshue the dhrup's in it."

"An' whisper, Larry, or ould Warnock, I should say—is it thrue that you chased the three black coats, and the hell-fire gentry?"

"Purshue the dhrup's in it! At one pull, too! Well, afther that!"

"I say you reprob—Larry, avick, did you hear me? *Commando te in nomine saintorum et saintarum, et omnium monckorum beatorum et monckarum beatarum, et sacerdotarum sanctissimarum, et sacerdotorum sanctissimorum*—"

"Faix, an' if you want *more of 'em*, there's enough in the corner here."

"I say, you sprissau, if you don't answer me this minute, I'll glue your heels to the ceiling—I will, by three words spaking."

"Oh, murder! what is it, your Reverence?"

"I say, didn't you make the three black-coats and the others run?"

"The sorra purtier chase (hiccup) ever you seen than we gave them, your Reverence—ha, ha—but Paddy, Sir, wouldn't keep from the dhrink, all—all—(hiccup)—I could do."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Larry, you must give up this work—out wid you now, and if I ever hear that you annoy this house agin, I'll have you both punished; for it's death according to law, for one that has a body to become a spirit, and frighten his majesty's subjects out of their sines."

"An' maybe yer Reverence would be oblagein' enough to keep what passed on the dumb side o' your tongue, Sir (hiccup)—wasn't it the choice *rise* we tuck out o' the drunken set o' them brimstone thieves, (hiccup), that do nothin' but dhrink (hiccup) and swear, your Reverence?"

"Larry, I'll say nothin' about it; but listen, if either of you brathe a syllable, depend upon it, you'll cross the saes."

"Oh, the sor-sorra word, Sir. Good night, your Reverence. Will I bring the sulwhur an' rotten lard along wid me, Sir, (hiccup), or lave them to keep the house healthy, Sir, you undherstand?"

"Yes," said the priest, "leave nothing at all behind you, except the tin boots, as you can walk faster without them; or stay, Larry, bring them in your hand, put a stone into aich, and fling them into the lake—do ye hear me—and keep silence while you live on this subject."

Very soon afterwards, the priest came up stairs with the thumb-bottle closely corked.

"Now," said he, "if there's any gentleman here who wishes to get a sight of Warnock, I can accommodate him."

This, however, they declined.

"Mister Dease," he added, addressing the proprietor of the inn, "I have put him into this bottle, which I shall throw into the lake behind the garden, but you are bound never to suffer the Hell-fire Club to sit in your house."

agin. As for Warnock, *his spirit's laid*, he'll never trouble you more."

The landlord was so much delighted at this display of spirituality from the humorous priest, that he made all who were present stay for supper, which was enlivened by the port and claret, on which Larry and his companions, aided by Warnock's flame-coloured costume and tin boots, had so often regaled themselves.

"Now," said the priest, after some private conversation with his reverend brethren present, who smiled, and shook their heads approvingly, "I am sorry, gentlemen of the Hell-fire Club, to be under the necessity of making a small taste of revelation to you upon a certain point, in which you have, aich of you, something like what I'd call a very purty share of intherest."

"And pray, Father Lavrock, what may it be?" inquired the worthies, alarmed at the solemnity of the priest's manner.

"Why," said he, "in one sinse, not much—that is, as far as the world would be concerned; but to yourselves it's a thrifle, any way. In three words,"—and he commenced knocking the floor with the end of the poker—"ye are doomed to go in this direction, except ye change your villainous coorses. I got that much out of Warnock at any rate; an' more, maybe, that ye know nothing about. As for the apothecary here—but it's sufficient to say, that I'm in possession of a sacret that I might make a dacent penny by, if"—

"Gentlemen," said the apothecary, bouncing up in a state of alarm, "you'll all dine with me to-morrow—I insist upon it—and, Father Lavrock, you in particular, and your curate, Mr. Cruiskeen, must be certain to favour me with your company."

"To be sure," said the priest, "we will be happy, not only to attend you ourselves, but to meet all your friends here. Doctor," said he to the physican, "I believe you and the apothecary have been very intimate of late—Warnock and I had some convers"—

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, "I insist that you shall all eat a bit of mutton with me on the day *after* to-morrow—as far as port and claret and two or three other things go, you shall be well treated. You, Father Lavrock, in particular, must be certain to favour me with your very engaging company."

"Of coorse," replied the funny priest, "we shall not only be happy to do ourselves that honour, but to have the pleasure of meeting all our friends here, at your very hospitable table. Surgeon Surfeit," he added, "by the bye, where did you take out your diploma, Sir, if I may presume? Warnock and I in the cellar below"—

"Gentlemen," said the surgeon, "as you are to dine with my worthy friends here on to-morrow and the day after, I beg you will do me the favour of scratching a plate with me on the day following the doctor's entertainment—as for fare, I trust you shall have no reason to complain."

"We shall be happy to attend you, Sir," said Father Lavrock.

It is unnecessary to say that the adroit priest managed them admirably, or that the dinners were eaten with becoming energy. On the breaking up of the last entertainment, Father Lavrock gave "a full and true account" of the apparition, (sinking the brandy bottle,) which, as it was the only spirit he laid during the exorcism, he did not think proper to disturb by narration. At all events, there was many a hearty laugh against the doughty members of the Hell-fire Club, for their valour in encountering that in which they pretended to put no faith, and at the trick Larry Shevlin and the worthy priest had put upon them.

#### INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF SMOKING TOBACCO.

It might be supposed, that as tobacco is necessarily burnt when employed in smoking, its injurious properties are destroyed. This is by no means the case. The active principle of tobacco consists in an oil, called an essential or volatile oil, because it can be raised in the form of vapour, like water or spirit. This oil, when separately collected, is one of the most active poisons known. In smoking, a small quantity of it is drawn into the mouth,

where it mixes with the saliva. Its poisonous effects are more conspicuous in inexperienced and young smokers, not only because their nerves are unaccustomed to it, and therefore more sensible to the effects of a small dose, but because they are more apt to swallow the spittle contaminated with the smoke: and also, by quickly drawing the air through the burning tobacco, they cause a larger quantity of oil to reach the mouth. The poisonous effect of tobacco, as exhibited on raw smokers, are giddiness, intoxication, and distressing sickness, which continue for a considerable time. Notwithstanding these effects, a silly and childish notion, that smoking is a very fine thing, and makes those seem manly, who have little or nothing of manliness to recommend them, induces the young smoker to go on until his sensibility is blunted to the unpleasant effects, and he is only conscious of the seducing excitement or stupidity, which he finds so delightful that the temptation can hardly be overcome.

#### WISHES, BY SIR TURLOUGH O'BRIEN.

SIR—Looking over the notice of Quin Abbey, in the 109th Number of your Journal, I saw that it had been given in fee to a Sir Turlogh O'Brien, December 14, 1583. This brought to my mind some verses I had seen and copied a long time ago, with that name attached to them, but out of what book I am unable now to say. I accordingly made search for and found them. The date attached is 1593; and I think it probable that the author of them, and the person mentioned in your Journal, is the same. The spelling is in the olden style.

I woulde that I were

A voiceless sighe,

Floating through ayre :

Unperceived I would steale o'er thy cheeke of downe,  
And kisse thy soft lippes unchecked by a frowne.

I woulde that I were

A dying tone,

To dwelle on thine eare

Though the musicke were gone :

I woulde charm thy hearte with my latest breathe,  
And yielde thee pleasure ev'n in my deathe.

I woulde I might passe from this liveinge tombe

Into the violett's sweeteste perfume :

On the wings of the morning to thee I woulde fly,  
And mingle my soule with thy sweeteste sighe.

My hearte is bounde

With a viewlesse chayne ;

I see no wounde,

But I feele its payne.

Break my pryson and set mee free

Bondage, though sweete, has no charme for mee :

Yet now ev'n in fetters my fond hearte will dwelle,  
Since thy shaddowe floats o'er it, and hallowes my cello.

It may be a gratification to our readers to know, that Sir Turlogh was in the end united to the object of his fond wishes.

T. A. G---

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

#### To the Editor.

SIR—I send you two attempts to explain the inscription on the Enniscorthy brooch, an engraving of which appeared in your last.

#### LATIN.

Ames Amie Aves—m

~~Thou~~ mayest love Amy—if thou desirest.

Parces Preset.

Thou mayest spare if he prays.

#### FRENCH.

A mes Amie a ves—M.

To my friend—to see.

Par ces pres et

By these near and dear.

It is not so clear in either case that the right translation is given, but it may assist others.

W. B.